

hall of which he is capable, and Rube Benton is about due to reach the winning peak.

In their showing yesterday the Cubs should be down around the bottom and the Giants away up in the van. McGraw's people were lively and aggressive, while the locals took every insult handed them by fate and scorned to improve the chances that came their way.

Some of this was undoubtedly due to fact that Joe Tinker was canned from the game in the fifth inning by Umpire Rigler. From then to the ultimate out the North Siders went about their work as though their only interest was the ninth inning and a quick trip home to supper.

In the seventh, for instance, Archer opened with a long fly which Robertson dropped. The local catcher trundled to second base on the miff. Then Mulligan expertly sacrificed Jim to third base. Right there was the place to insert a pinch hitter, if anywhere. But Vaughn batted and rolled to Merkle, and Shulte repeated.

In the ninth inning after Archer went out, Fischer pinched for Mulligan and Mann took Vaughn's bat. Neither pincher was a success. Mulligan was out there to gain experience, and it would not have hurt to have allowed him his turn, with Fischer batting for the pitcher. Mulligan has showed himself every whit as good a batter as Mann this year.

So hopeless did the Cubs consider their task that no pitcher was warming up during their half of the ninth in case a run had been pushed home to tie the score. That attitude of resignation is not a feature of pennant-winning ball teams, or even of teams which keep in the fight.

Mulligan was returned to short. Manager Tinker deciding that the youngster was due for another trial. Joe's work Sunday convinced him that his days as a playing manager were over. Mulligan made one wild throw that was costly, but perfect

work following the mistake would have removed the sting. His other chances were handled ably and at last he poled a sacrifice fly responsible for a run.

The extent to which the White Sox are in the dumps is well explained by today's story from the war correspondents with the club. Ed Walsh is coming back. Ed Walsh is about due to take his turn in the box and stand the opposition on its head.

Now, Ed Walsh in his day was one wonderful pitcher. He could do more work and do it effectively than any man who ever threw a baseball. But Ed is hardly able to come back now. He tried it last year, pitched one good game against the Mackmen. Because of his fine work in the past, when he was known as the Sox pitching staff. Big Ed should not be humiliated at this stage. He should be allowed to rest on the laurels he gained in the past and not have that memory clouded by mistreatment from the bats of American leaguers.

Even if Walsh should come back, a far-fetched dream, how will that polish the batting eyes of Ed Collins and Jack Fournier? How will it aid Joe Jackson to hit in the pinches? Frisk us for the answer to that. The pitching has been all that could be desired and much better than was expected.

With a half portion of assistance from the attacking side of the club there would be a different tale to tell of the invasion of the east and the final series here against Cleveland. It has been the same old heart-breaking battle for the Sox pitchers—holding the enemy to a low score and seeing the victory fade because their backers failed to take advantage of the openings offered.

Rowland is now said to be considering the transposition of John Collins and Jack Fournier. John will come to first base if this plan is carried out and Jack will be an outfielder. It may work. It should